THE HEIRS OF MOROCCO

WITH THE

Death of Gayland

Made by

Their Majesties Servants.

B. E. SETTLE.

Rectum Ibunus Carmen deducit in Arbor,
Quam si proferres ignes mortuus prosilit. Hor.

LONDON,

Printed for The Company [illegible]

HELIX

OF

MOROCCO

WITH THE

Death of Gayland

AND

THE MAJESTIES SCHIP.

BY [illegible]

Rectius Illustrat Carmen [illegible]
Quam se proferre ignota indicatque [illegible] Hor.

OXFORD

Printed for Geo. Chapman at the Golden [illegible] in the Middle Ness Charing Cross.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY

HENRIETTA WENTWORTH,

BARONESS OF

NETTLESTED.

MADAM,

I Ought to beg your Ladiſhips Pardon, when I lay ſo inconſiderable a Trifle as a Play at your Ladiſhips Feet; the acceſs to ſo much Divinity being that difficult awful Bleſſing, that nothing mean or unhallowed ſhould dare to aſpire to. Yet Greatneſs and Beauty, whatever Awe they may ſtrike into all other Adorers, are not defended from the bolder Devotions of Poetry: For ſuch is the Poets Preſumption, that they have ſo long converſ'd with Princes in Effigie, till they have borrowed their Ambition from the Heroes they write, and their Confidence from the Stage that repreſents them.

Tis true, we live in an Age ſo Critical and ſo ſevere, that the Muſes melancholy Groves grow [illegible] ſolate, and even their ſofteſt Ayres to [illegible] Eaſe ſtand harſh and unpleaſant; poor Poetry [illegible] ſo malicious-ly perſecuted, that nothing but the Patronage of a Great Name can give it a Paſs, to go peaceably and unmoleſted:

 And

and in these Circumstances, Self-preservation and Security make our boldness a little more excusable.

The poorest ragged Traveller that seeks a Shelter in a Storm, though under the Battlements of an Imperial Palace is not much to be blamed. This 'tis that makes Poetry always come into the World under the Umbrage of Quality, whilest Poets, like their blind Original, never venture abroad without a Guide. Nor can even the weakest Brother of the Muses fail, when Greatness and Beauty are at once its powerful Supporters. The Lady Henrietta's Name will prove a Charm against the sharpest Criticks. What Malice dares strike where so much Beauty shields? And indeed Wit can hope for no Success but when favoured by the Fair, and 'tis by their Influence alone, the Poets, if ever, can be made immortal; who in return can but faintly pay their Tribute to a Power so favourable, since your Ladyship has a far greater Title to be Eternal in the Records of Fame, from the Vast Merits of your Illustrious Ancestors, than all the Poetry since the World began can make you.

The Famous Earl of Cleveland, and the no less Famous Lord Wentworth, both Generals under our late Sacred Majesty, are those never-to-be-forgotten Heroes, that whilst the World shall have an Ear, and wonder a Tongue, shall never want a Name: Wonders of that generous Zeal, and indefatiguable Allegiance, till they drew a their Estates so low, that they fought even to the nakedness of a Gladiator. Their Loyalty, and the Service of their King, being not only their Study, but their Religion: insomuch that like him that refignes his Share in the World for an Interest in Heaven, they were so little dejected even at Ruine it self, when in a

Cause

Cause so Glorious, that they bore the very Poverty of Philosophers with the Pride of Triumphers and the Pleasure of Martyrs. And to attempt the highest Character of Perfections that Humanity ever reach'd, with the Bravery and Courage of an Alexander, they had the Peace and Content of a Diogenes.

But their Honourable Losses your Ladyships kinder Stars have amply repaid: And all those Debts of Providence those Loyal Sufferers did not live long enough to receive; their Arrears of Glory, are in your Ladyships compleater Happiness entail'd on their Posterity. The Lady Henrietta has a Person and a Mind so richly endowed, and to these that Prodigious Mass of Worldly Blessings, as if Providence had studied to add new Ornaments to Her, whose Birth, Charms and Vertues in themselves alone, render'd Her a Beauty inaccessible. So just it is, that such infinite Perfections should be no little Care of Heaven, that are so great a part of it. But in the strange and prosperous Recovery of your Ladyships exhausted Patrimonies, the unexampled Industry of the Lady Philadelphia, your Ladyships pious Mother, to her immortal Praise will never be forgotten. When Fate, by a too early Stroke, had rob'd her of her dear Lord, she stept into a Seat so strangely demolish'd, beheld those Ruines of an Estate, where the Thunder of the War had made the Desolation so low, and the Breaches so wide, that the frightful Prospect would have daunted a more than Female Spirit; where all hopes of re-building would appear an Attempt altogether impossible. Yet that Attempt the bolder Lady Philadelphia resolved and finish'd; stemm'd all the adverse Tides of Fortune, to gather up her Family Shipwracks;

and

and with that incredible Pains, and no less wonderful Success, that she has rather created than repaired an Estate; has miraculously heaped together an infinite Treasure with no less Toil than if she had labour'd in the Mine, and dig'd the very Oar that form'd it. Never was a losing Hand so ingeniously play'd, nor a last Stake so artfully managed. Her Happiness, her Love and Life were so lodged in her only Hopes, her fair young Darling Henrietta, that for her dear sake, to advance her growing promising Glory, she acted with a Zeal so vigorous, as if she had taken a Resolution even to out-do the Pelican.

And as your Ladiships Loyal Ancestors, those two memorable English Champions, are that shining Original, that Fame, when she paints any thing that's Heroick might for ever Copy from. So they are no less blest in an Heiress, whose Majestick Beauty to theirs, and her own Eternal Monument, might sue for a Britannia. Your Royal Godfather might very frankly and largly promise Wonders in the Lady Henrietta's Name: For 'twas impossible there should be any common Branch from a Stock so perfectly Illustrious. How then am I, beyond all measure, happy, thus gloriously protected? methinks I look with Scorn upon the censorious World, and can defie my Enemies with as great Assurance as if I had the Souls and Swords of those prodigious Heroes. And 'tis no small Pride to me, when I consider I am the first of those many Writers to come that have attained the glorious Preferment of thus publickly writing my self

MADAM,

Your LADYSHIPS most dutiful,
and most humble devoted Servant,

E. Settle.

The

The PROLOGUE.

How finely would the Sparks *be catch'd to Day,*
Should a Whig-Poet *write a* Tory-*play?*
And you possess'd with Rage before should send
Your random Shot abroad, and maul a Friend:
For you, we find, too often hiss or clap,
Just as you live, speak, think, and fight, by hap.
And Poets *we all know, can change like you,*
And are alone to their own Intrest true:
Can write against all Sense, nay even their own;
The Vehicle, call'd Pension, *makes it down.*
No fear of Cudgells where there's hope of Bread:
A well-fill'd Panch forgets a broken Head.
But our dull Fop *on every side is damn'd:*
He has his Play with Love and Honour cram'd,
Rot your old fashion'd Heroe *in Romance,*
Who in a Lady's Quarrel breaks a Launce.
Give us the modish Feat of Honour done,
With Eighteen well-chew'd Bullets in one Gun.
Charg'd but with Eighteen Bullets did I say?
Damn it, if that won't do, we'll bring one day
Queen Besse's *Pocket Pistol into Play.*
Give us Heroick Worthies of Renown,
With a revenging Rival's Mortal Frown,
Not by dividing Oceans hear asunder,
Whilst angry Spark comes on the Jove *with Thunder,*
Gives out in Flacken Gazette, *Blood and Wounds*
In Foreign Fray, to sculk on English *Ground,*
And scorning Duels, a poor Prize at Sharps,
He only fights for Fame in Counterscarps.
Do not you follow his revenge and Fury,
Be you those tender-hearted things, his Jury.
Give us Old-Baily *mercy for our Play:*
Ah no! no Pray'rs nor Bribes your Hearts can sway,
Your cruel Talents lie the other way.
Criticks
Are Polish *Bullies, fire and lightning all,*
The Blunderbuss goes off, and where you hit you maul.

Actors

Actors Names.

Albuzeiden, *King of* Algiers,	Mr. *Griffin*
Altomar, *his Admiral*,	Mr. *Goodman*.
Gayland, A Usurping K of Morocco	Mr. *Clerk*.
Meroin, A Villan	Mr. *Perin*.
Artemira, *the King's Daughter*,	Mrs. *Cox*.
Rosalin, *her Confident*,	Mrs. ——
Ishmael, *a Friend of* Meroin's	Mr. *Disney*.
Mirvan, *an Eunuch*,	Mr. *Saunders*.
Morat, Another	Mr. *Powel*.

Messengers, Envoy, Torturers, Executioners, Guards and Attendants.

TO

Act I. Scene I.

A Seraglio.

Atermira *and* Rosolin.

Art. OH *Rosolin*, thou art a subtle Charmer,
To treat thy Princess with the Herald Glories
Of her Victorious *Altomar*. His Praise
Is so sublime a Theme, that sure 'twas such a Subject
That once inspired the ancient *Theban* Lyre,
When even th' inanimate Woods and Rocks
Felt the inchanting Sounds, and borrowed Ears
T' attend the powerful Song.
Amir. Madam Alas!
To sing his Praise is but that humble Tribute
Which the united World should pay; and when
His mighty Triumphs speak as loud as crack
The very Voice of Fame: Can I do less
Than make a Part in th' Universal Quire?
Art. Ah *Rosolin*, thou paint'st but half his Conquests.
'Tis not enough that in his soaring Walls
He rides triumphant Lord, o'th' wat'ry Main;
But after all this gallant God-like Man
Returns a Conqueror, returns to these
Kind Arms, his dearest *Artemira*'s Arms.
Where am I going? I shall talk my Sence away;
Love wraps me up so high, my soaring Soul
Grows giddy with the Airy Maze it treads.

Enter Mirvan.

Mirva. Madam, Lord *Meroin* desires admittance.
Art. What brings him here?——Go tell him I am private.
That hated Sight's enough to damp my Joys.
What is his Business?
Mirv. Madam, the Success

Of your Illuſtrious Father's Conquering Arms,
Has brought him big with wonder to repeat
The pleaſing Miracle.

Art. Admit him. [*Exit.* Mirvan.

I know the Villain hates my *Altomar*
And me; but my dear *Altomar*'s Applauſe
Has Muſick in the Sound, tho' ſet by Hell,
And ſung by Envy.

Enter Meroin.

Mer. Madam, when the Gods
Deſign'd ſuch Beauty for a Kingdoms Heir,
In Juſtice to your infinite Deſerts,
They ſtrow your way with Trophies to a Crown:
Your Royal Father to enlarge his Throne,
Fit for ſo bright a Form to fill, has Heav'n
His Friend, and Fate his Vaſſal; builds his Glory
High as the Stars, and makes the binding Cement
Of this vaſt Pile his vanquiſht Enemies Blood.

Art. Indeed Sir, our late wonderful Succeſs
Over our proud *Venetian* Enemies,
Shews us no little Favourites of Heaven.

Merv. Our wonderful Succeſs! where lies the Wonder?
Could your great Father's Arms be leſs victorious
When led by *Altomar*, the Valiant *Altomar*?
Now Flattery, and all the artful Pow'rs
Of ſlighted Love aſſiſt me: if ſhe loves him,
I have an Art to track her hidden Fires. *Aſide.*
I'll tune her Favourite's Praiſe ſo high, till I
Have rais'd ſuch Pleaſures in her wanton Eyes,
As ſhall betray the burning Lake within 'em.

Art. My Lord, you have begun a noble Subject,
And in the Generous *Altomar*'s juſt Praiſe
You but expreſs a Kingdom's Obligation.

Mirv. His Praiſe juſt; juſt! yes from all Mankind.
Such Courage and ſuch Conduct is a Theme,
As would make Malice court, and envy flatter.
He managed Ruine with ſo proud a Port,
His very dying Foes in their laſt Groans
Could do no leſs than praiſe their fatal Conqueror.
By all the Gods a nobler braver Chief
Ne'er grac'd an Armies Head ſince that great day,
When th' angry Angels met, and their bright Generals

Led

Led out th' embattell'd Seraphim to fight,
Whilst the vast Storm of War broke down the Stars.
Art. Oh that a Villain should describe a Hero!
What Style has Love, if hate has so much Rhetorick? [*Aside.*
Mer. Imagine here the bold *Venetians*,
Their gaudy Fleet, with all their glitter'd Flags,
Whilst th' humbler Gallies round their taller Gallaffes,
Crouching like Porpoises beneath the Whale,
Cut the salt Foam to meet the enrag'd *Altomar*.
Suppose on th' other side, the fierce,
The fiery *Altomar*, our *Algier* Glory,
The God-like Genius of your Fathers Arms,
With his proud Navy, all his moving Castles
Meets the vast Foe.
Art. Oh that a hand so loath'd should draw so sweet a Picture [*Aside.*
Mer. Imagine now the Warlike Fleet's engaged,
Ruine and Death with all their Pomp and Noise
Alarm the Globe, and frighted Nature shakes!
Whilst Victory, that Eagle Bird of Prey,
Hovers above the floating Massacre.
The trembling Shore around, the rocking Sea
Below, and all the smoaking Air above,
Together joyn, joyn with his rattling Fires
All the contending Elements conspire
To grace their Lord, the Conquering *Altomar*.
Art. My Lord I know not from what Mystick Source
All this kind Language flows; but if there's Riddle
In your Applause, there shall be none in mine.
You draw this gallant Prince a shining Picture
Below the bright Original. [illegible] highest
Description you can make is [illegible] your Duty:
And know, his Love, Courage, Loyalty,
And all the Graces that can wise man great,
Make his name worthy to be welcome here.
Mer. By all the Sulphur in her burning Veins,
My Fears are true; she loves, and has the Pride
To own it, in her own vain boasting Trumpet. [*Aside.*

Enter Mirvan.

Mirv. Madam, Prince *Altomar*——
Mer. Return'd already? [*Aside.*
Art. Haste and conduct him in. [*Exit* Mirvan.
Mer. Curst be the Name,
And doubly curst the Hour I saw that Face [*Aside.*

Art. My Lord,
The Illuſtrious Prince's praiſe is a large Theme;
And if you have more to ſay, ſome other time
You will oblige me with the pleaſing Subject.
Mer. Death, with what Scorn and Pride ſhe drives me hence,
To make more room for my accurſed Rival!
Perdition be his guide, and plagues his Uſhers,
And burning Irons pave the way that leads him. [*Exit.*
Art. He comes, he comes, now breaks my riſing day.
In the new Sun ſhine the kind *Cupid's* play,
Olive and Myrtle ſtrow his fragrant way.

Enter Altomar.

Alt. Health of my Souls and Mirror of my Eyes,
Light of my World, and Goddeſs of my Prayers.
Do I once more embrace thy Sacred Knees?
My Joy's too dazling for my Soul to bear.
I would gaze on, but thou'rt too killing fair.
Art. Oh riſe my Lord and hear your *Artemira*:
For ſhe has ſuch Words, ſuch happy Sounds to ſpeak,
As would give Balm to wounds as deep as Graves,
And Life even beyond Death.
Alt. Speak then ſweet Oracle.
And whilſt thy Love breaths raptures in my Ears,
I will look Bleſſings from thy Eyes.
Art. What a long year have our contracted Souls
Paſt o'er with ſmother'd ſighs, ſtoln looks, and ſilent hopes?
Awed with a harſh, ſevere, imperious Father,
Whilſt the big Name of Heireſs to a crown,
Has kept thy juſt Ambition from my Arms?
But now our ſullen Fears are all blown o'er,
The Mountain's level'd, and the Proſpects clear.
Alt. Be quick dear Heav'n, explain this dazling Viſion.
Art. Know then laſt night, when aſtoniſht Fame,
Had brought your Conqueſts to my Father's Ear,
Charm'd with the news, he came to viſit me:
Then with ſuch Emphaſis, ſuch feeling pride,
Your glories he deſcrib'd and play'd ſo well
Your kind juſt Herald, that my raviſht Sence
Cou'd ſcarce contain my Joys: But top compleat
My Extaſie, at laſt theſe words broke out:
Daughter, ſays he, ſo much this gallant Soldier
Deſerves from Heaven and me, that tho' I ne'er

Inten-

Intended leſs than a Crown'd Head for you,
Yet my Ambition muſt ſhall yield to Juſtice.
Daughter, I am reſolv'd I will reward
My Kingdom's Champion with my Kingdoms Heir:
At his return prepare to make him yours.——
Alt. What now-created Light ſurrounds my Soul? ——
With ſuch Coeleſtial Harmony
Spoke that commanding Voice that form'd the World.
Bid the dark Scene of Night and *Chaos* vaniſh,
To ſhow the ſhining Univerſal Theatre.
Art. We who ſo long have kept our Loves ſo ſecret,
And with that cautious fear ſuppreſt our Sighs,
Jealous o' th' very Air in which we breath'd 'em,
Now at one chance have all our Wiſhes Crown'd:
One happy Minute ends an Age of Pain.
Alt. One Happy Minute! Yes, the happieſt
That time e'er number'd ſince the reſtleſs Orbs
Began th' Eternal Round. Henceforward time
Throw by thy common Sand, and let thy Glaſs
Run Gold, pure ſparkling Oar: and ye high Powers,
When you'd record ſome new-made Saint, Star, Angel,
Or ſome bleſt Martyrs Coronation Day,
Date your Immortal Annals from that Hour.
Art. All happineſs attends my deareſt Lord.
Thou'rt Heav'ns neareſt Care, and their beſt Angels charge.
Alt. Where is this more than King, this God-like Father?
My ſwelling Veins, like Mines of Incenſe burn,
And my tranſported Soul already kneels
Low as my Grave t' adore his Sacred Fo——
Art. We ſhall obtain that Bleſſing inſtantly,
Each Minute I expect him here, and your
Dear Preſence I am ſure will give him Wings.
And if there's any thing that can detain him,
It is the Ceremony that he pays
To an Imperial Stranger. The Uſurper *Geyland*,
That great Subverter of the *Africk* Empire
Is now my Father's Gueſt. In his return
From the reducing ſome revolted Towns
To their Obedience;
Taking this Kingdom in his March, has made
A viſit here.
Alt. Madam, the King approaches.

Enter.

Enter Albuzeiden *and Lords.* Altomar *kneels.*

Alb. Rise noble Youth, thou Darling of the Stars,
Whilst I have thy Heroick Arm to cut
My way to Fame, and my Triumphant Fleet
Has such an Admiral, *Neptune*'s my Slave.
An Arm like thine's
Enough to make the Tributary God,
And all his floating Globe my Vassals.

Alt. You raise my little Services too high;
My Wreaths are but the Branches of your Laurel.

Alb. Rise my best Friend, and grow within my Arms:
Thy Modesty commends thee and prefers thee;
But my dear *Altomar*, 'tis not enough
Thy Conquering Arm has made me great abroad,
But Triumphs wait me nearer home; new Trophies
Lie at my Feet, whilst prostrate Glories crowd
Under my Battlements—The mighty *Gayland*,
The long-fam'd Terror of our *Affrick* World,
Is *Artemira*'s Slave, has seen, and loves her.

Alt. What words are these? [*Aside.*

Art. Oh my blasted Ears!

Alb. And in his name full of a Father's Joy,
I come to offer as his Advocate,
The Tribute of a Crown, and call her Empress.
Now my best Friend, since thy Success in Battle,
And the Alliance of his Royal Blood,
Have blest my Peace and Wars, [illegible] my Throne
As bright as my Pavilion [illegible]
Thy Victories, do thou congratulate mine.

Art. What killing Sounds are these!

Alt. Oh cruel Sir,
What have you done?

Alb. How, *Altomar*!

Alt. Ah Royal Sir, take heed how you resolve
What Heaven and Justice must forbid. Dread Sir,
Forgive me when thus low I fall to tell you,
Fair *Artemira*'s mine.

Alb. What do I hear?

Alt. Only th' unalterable work of Fate,
The tender Story of two meeting Hearts,
Whose Loves your Royal Smiles can only Crown.

Art.

Art. Yes Sacred Sir, your *Artemira's* Love,
Her chaste true Love, her Joys, her only Joys,
Her generous Father's Smile, her only Crown;
And sure you will not, cannot frown on me.
Alb. Fond easie Fool, is thy unprincely Soul
Fill'd with such flashy Fires? are thy high Blood,
Birth, Beauty, Sex and Pride such empty Names?
Art. Is this your Promise, dear inhuman Father?
Did you for this with so much cruel Eloquence
Repeat the Charming Story of his Conquests,
Drawing his Picture so Divine, so Lovely?
And bid me when this gallant Prince return'd
A Conqueror, prepare to make him mine?
Alb. How's this? Thou easie, cheap ignoble Fool.
By all that's good, she courted him; Because
Once in a humor I had an humble Thought,
And wrapt up with the news of this Success,
Let slip an idle word; She eager Fondling
Swell'd with the wanton Joy, ran int' his Arms;
Told him her Father had prepared a Husband,
And came to offer him his humble Bride.
Shame of thy Blood! ———
Alt. Oh hold Sir,
She run into my Arms! what Blasphemy is this?
Easie and cheap: Now by my Life you wrong her;
I won her nobly, by yon' bright Eternals,
I took her Heart by Storm; Her guarded Breast
Stood my long Seige, with all [illegible] Sexes Pride.
By all the Stars, and her own [illegible] Eyes,
To conquer that inestimable [illegible],
I breath'd such Sighs as might have melted Rocks,
Offer'd such Prayers as might have woo'd a Deity.
From my drown'd Eyes made a long Deluge rowl,
And bath'd her Feet before I mov'd her Soul:
And if at last her generous vanquisht Pity,
Can entertain a tender wish for me;
It is not with the least ignoble Thought
Below her self the Daughter of a King,
And the most Sovereign Beauty of the World.
Alb. Hold—Be that blasted Tongue for ever dumb
What do I live to hear? By all that's sacred,
This is an old Intrigue. The wanton Traytors
Have given and seiz'd, bargain'd and Barter'd Hearts,
Chang'd their fond Eyes, and mixt th'engendering Basilisks

Without

Without my Knowledge. That rebellious Syren
Has pawn'd her Honour, sold my Kingdoms Heir,
Whil'st th' insignificant deluded Father
Was not thought worthy of the dark Cabal;
But I'm too patient

Art. Is this my King and Father?
Why was I born with Eyes if this must be their Object?

Alb. No Disobedient, thou wert born
With those false Lights to find thy way to Ruine;
But I'll put out th' infatuating Meteor.
Prepair, fond Girl, to obey thy Father's Will,
T' extinguish all thy vaprous wandring Fires,
And guild thy Brows with an Imperial Diadem.
Prepare by th' Setting of to morrow's Sun,
To sleep in *Gayland's* Arms, or sleep for ever.

Alt. Oh hold, let not the Breath of Majesty
[illegible]nounce those barbarous words as will un-king you.
[illegible] think what Cruelty———
[illegible]ake him away, [*Attendants seize him.*
[illegible] him a close Prisoner to his Chamber.
The charge be yours. [*To* Morat.

Alt. Confusion, to a Jayl!

Alb. And to remove all Bars to my Ambition
He that amongst you (mark me) dares but breathe
One Syllable of this bold Traytor's Love,
By *Alla*, the Villain dies. And you *Morat*,
Perform your charge: If you but let him stir,
Or in revenge of his defeated A[illegible]ce,
By Letters, or by Messages attem[illegible]
Ought that may block her way to *Gayland's* Arms,
(Observe me well) thou'rt Food for Dogs and Vultures.

Art. Is this a Father's Voice, ye Gods, I die. [*Faintly.*

Alt. Oh raise thy drooping Head, look up fair injured Sweetness,
And hear those Sounds shall strike dishonour dead.
Ungrateful King, is this the black Reward,
Which you return your Conquering Soldiers Toyls?
Have I for this, from all the Ports of Fame,
Past all the Storms of Fate to make you glorious?
All died your Ocean with the Christian Purple?
And (since you make me vain) sent down such Crouds
Of your slain Foes to the Infernal Shades———

Alb. Vain-glorious Fool!
What if you conquer'd, was it not by me?
Was't not my Fleet, my Arms my Thunder kill'd,

And

And I the mighty Genius that inſpir'd 'em.
Take the vain boaſter hence.
Alt. Yet ſtay.
Inſpir'd by thee thy barbarous Genius! No.
If I ſubdued 'twas *Artemira* conquer'd:
For her I fought, for her I vanquiſht; fill'd
With her great Love and her Immortal Charms,
I ſtroke my Javelin in the Gates of Death:
And all the crowding Fates preſt out in Arms,
To aid thy Cauſe. As her dread Name,
Strength of my Arm, and Goddeſs of my Wars,
Deſtruction, Conqueſt, Ruine hung round my Shield.
My Cauſe, Life, Courage, Glory,
And Guardian Angels all were *Artemira's*.
Alb. Proud inſolent Boy, to make her Vanity
As great as thine. Her Cauſe, Life, Glory,
Is *Gayland's* Heart.
Beneath her Feet a King and Empire lie,
And 'tis a prize ſhe muſt accept or die.
Alb. Oh I am loſt.
Art. Hear me but one word:
If you're reſolv'd I ſhall be falſe, falſe to
This gallant Man, the Lord of all my Vows;
My Loſs will break his Heart, and I ſhall be his Murderer.
You'll make me crueller than your *Venetian* Enemies;
When in a Baſe return to all his Conqueſts
Your Daughters Scorn, muſt kill your Kingdoms Champion
And ſtab that Heart your Foes could never reach.
Alt. Great Gods, he ſees that kneeling Deity
Unmov'd with all her Prayers. Inverted Nature,
Can Man be deaf when Heaven is a Petitioner?
Art. Ah Sir, if e'er my gentle Mother pleas'd you,
If th' only Reliques of her Royal Blood
Can move you to Compaſſion, ſhow it now.
'Tis true, dear Sir, I know you'd make me great;
But what's Ambition where there's Love above it?
You'd fix me high on an Imperial Seat:
But if you do, you kill me. No my Lord,
My Paradiſe is him, him only lies
And Love's a Flower which once tranſplanted dies.
Alb. And this is all the Excuſe thy Diſobedience
Can frame for all thy humble abject Folly?
Alt. Ah Sir, though you have no remorſe for me,
Look on that Face, that Angel-Beauty, weeps.

The pretious Dew falls from those Suns above.
O see; a Chain of Pearl hangs on those Lids,
Enough to bribe an angry God to Mercy.
And have her Tears no Power?

Alb. Yes Ravisher,
To the disgrace of her degenerate Soul,
I see that base born Issue of her Eyes;
But know, fond Girl, I'll dam the muddy Stream.

Art. Yes when you've broke that Heart from whence it flows.
Oh my loved Lord. [*To* Altomar.

Alb. Their very Looks are hatching Treasons:
Take them away, and part the brooding Monsters.

Alt. Oh hold. Gods, have those dying drowning Eyes
No Power? One look from those fair lights
Is worth ten thousand *Gayland*'s Soul.

Alb. Dull Slaves!

Art. Lord of my Life. [*Exit forced out.*

Alt. My Saint, my Heaven farewel. [*Exeunt all but* Altomar, *and* Morat, *and two more Attendants.*
What's Conquest, Fame, and all the flattering Hopes
Of towring Love in their Meridian light?
Poor airy Bubbles which the Breath of Power,
Burst with a Blast, and they are lost no more.
Ye bright Dispensers of our human Fate,
Bring me but back to those clear Streams of Bliss,
Which I enjoy'd but one half hour ago,
And I'd not change my State of Happiness
For all that Vanity your Sun looks round,
And all those Worlds your great first Mover rowls.

Mor. My Lord, I hope you'll pardon that Harsh Office
Which I with horror bear. Believe me Sir,
My very Soul deplores your ruged Fate.

Alt. I thank thee kind *Morat*; but be not troubled:
Alas I'm fallen and lost, ordain'd for Ruine;
A miserable thing not worth thy Pity.
'Tis true
Once my blest Hopes stood fair, the Candidates
Of Glory; but alas those Guardian Angels
That then smiled on me, bore me on their Wings,
And nurs'd me as a Child and Heir of Fortune.
Now see my sinking State, and like false Friends desert me.

Mor. Your fate draws Tears even from a Souldiers Eyes.

Alt. And can Man pity me when Heaven forsakes me?
For me no matter if my impurer Blood

Were

Were set afloat, my drossy worthless Ashes,
Trod by the Tyrants meanest Slaves to Dirt:
But oh that Tyrant Strikes at *Artemira*,
His Savage Fury breaks her tender Heart.
Take heed, ye cruel Powers, her Fate ye Gods prevent,
Or all your Heaven, too late, will the dire deed repent.
At her black Doom I shall not sigh alone;
Your shaking World at her last Pangs will groan.
The waning Lamps of your pale trembling Skies,
At her closed Lights will shut their aking Eyes.
By Heav'ns, not your own God-head shall go free,
You too shall all my Fellow-mourners be,
And hang your sad and drooping Heads like me

Exeunt.

Act II. Scene II.

The Scene, *A Room of State.*

Meroin, and *Ishmael.*

Mer. THE cause of all her Pride and Scorn is plain,
By all the witchcrafts of the Sex 'tis plain.
'Tis *Altomar*'s the Man. No wonder she has
Been Deaf to all my Prayers: all her warm Gales
Were th' happy *Altomar*'s; whilst nothing but
Her Winter Stormy Northern Blasts were mine.
Ish. Wer't my Cause my Lord,
I would not [illegible]se, nor fret My Spleen in vain;
Return her [illegible]n with Scorn.
Beautie's a Flower, that whilst 'tis kind, is fragrant;
But when Disdain has canker'd all its Sweets,
'Tis a rank Weed.
Mer. A rank one 'tis indeed;
And if that poysonous Weed, the bane of all
My Peace must root in my curst Rival's Arms,
Lend him my Hand, ye Gods, to plant it there.
Oh *Ishmael*, I could make the rarest Bawd:
I'd stuff her Pillows with the Stings of Scorpions;
Oh how 'twould make her mount into his Arms.

At the ſoft Dalliance with that Heat, that Fire——
Then to compleat the wanton Game, I'd mix
Her amorous Potions with the Blood of Aſpicks:
Whilſt he, like *Jove*, came on in Thunder, ſhe
Should meet him like the burning *Semele*.

Iſh. Why all this Storm againſt the poor loſt *Altomar*?
Sir, you forget that all his hopes are vaniſht,
And 'tis the mighty *Gayland* muſt enjoy her.

Mer. You talk like a raw Lover: He enjoy her?——
And muſt I tamely live to ſee the Cauſe,
The curſed Source of all my endleſs pains,
Shine the bright Empreſs of our Southern World,
And riſe in Glory whilſt I ſet in Ruine?
No, *Iſhmael*, there's a Spark in all great Souls
Men call Revenge, ſupplyes the dying Fire
Of injured Love, to gratifie that laſt
Dear pleaſure, know this Sorceres muſt die.

Iſh. My Lord, your high reſentments are but juſt;
But ſhould you periſh in th'attempt.——

Mer. No matter:
For I've at once out-lived my Peace and Glory.
For twelve long Years I was the *Algerine*
Victorious Admiral,
Till all my Services, my Toils and Wounds
Forgotten, my ungrateful barb'rous King
Could cloud me in the Noon of all my Glories,
And give my Lawrels to the curſed *Altomar*.
My Love deſtroy'd,
And Honour loſt, think *Iſhmael*, with what ſmall
Delight I wear this Load of Fleſh and Blood.

Iſh. You have but too much reaſon to complain.

Mer. Give me kind Stars that favourable Minute,
When I may ſtab this pair of Royal Monſters,
Puniſh her Scorn, and his Ingratitude,
Though the next hour you made the Vultures Gorge
My Sepulchre.

Iſh. But Sir—You've ſerved the Father, and ador'd the Daughter;
And can your Wrongs engender ſo much Rage?

Mer. Yes *Iſhmael*, yes, does not the thirſty Traveller
Loath the dear Springs when once the Fountain's poiſon'd?
Iſhmael, I know thee faithful, and dare truſt thee;
Know then, I have here that working Vengeance, like
Wit's Goddeſs teeming in the Thund'rers Brain:
But ſomething ominous foretells my Life.

Is short, though it will make my Fame immortal;
Yet e'er I die, I have a hoarded Mass
Oh Infinite Wealth, which dead, I'll make thee Lord of:
But if I 'scape with Life, I have a Vessel
Ready i'th Port to fly to *Alexandria*,
Where thou my Friend, shalt share my Fortunes with me.
Ish Sir, to reward you for this Princely Bounty,
I have that Story for your Ears, shall wing
Your inspired Vengeance.
Mer. Speak my better Genius.
Ish. Know then, this *Alvarez*, your hated Rival,
Is the true Heir to th' Empire of *Morocco*.
Mer. Ha!
Ish. You know the Story of that Bloody Empress,
Whose murther'd Son, and poison'd Husband, cleared
Her Favorite's Passage to th' Imperial Seat.
Mer. Go on.
Ish. That Empress, to secure his Title,
And leave no Branch of the Imperial Stock
That might in time grow up t' o'ershade his Lustre,
Design'd to sacrifice the only Reliques
O'th' Royal Blood, the murder'd *Muly Labasses*
Two infant Sons. My self and Lord *Abdalla*
(Now *Gayland*'s General) were then
Two Favourites in the *Morocco* Court,
And th' Empress Confidents: And to our Care
She trusted the dispatch of the dire deed.
But we in pity to the Royal Infants,
And partly for the Hopes of a Reward,
Convey'd 'em to their Uncle *Amurath*,
Cayliff of *Egypt*.
Mer. Very well, proceed.
Ish. But to avoid all Dangers of the Storm,
That the revengful Empress would have rais'd,
If e'er she knew we had repealed their Doom,
E'er we disclosed what our rich Present was,
We swore him first by *Alla*, ne'er to breath
Their Story, Quality, or their true Names
To ought in this lower World. That done, we left 'm;
Where, as his own adopted Sons he bred 'em,
In that dark Mist, even to themselves disguis'd;
And in pursuit of his Religious Vow,
Some twelve years since th' old pious Dotard died,
And left 'em in that Cloud in which he nurs'd 'em.

Mer.

Mer. Oh *Ishmael*, thou hast fired my very Soul;
But art thou sure this mighty Secret's safe?

Ish. Fear not, 'tis only lodged in our two Breasts;
And for my part, I hate him worse than you;
For he has done me Wrongs unpardonable.
For know, my Lord, at the great Siege of *Candy*,
Under the *Sultan*'s Banners, I had the Honour
To head a Troop of Horse, and by ill Fate
I had this very *Altomar* my Colonel:
Where, for I knew not what, only a certain
Antipathy he bore me, by his Influence
With the Grand Visier, unprovoked, uninjured,
He both cashier'd and banisht me; for which
I owe him Ruine, and would pawn my Soul to pay't him.

Mer. Now thou art brave.

Ish. And for *Abdalla*'s talking,
His Tongue is Sealed with stronger Bonds than mine:
For should the furious *Gayland* ever know
There lives an Heir of the Imperial Line,
And *Abdalla* saved, his Head would pay for't.

Mer. Oh *Ishmael*, guard thy Tongue, lock up this Secret
Close as thy Heart, and dearer than thy Life.

Ish. Your Favours would secure a greater Trust.

Mer. For should it reach the Ears of *Abuzeiden*,
No doubt 'twould soften him to that degree,
That I should see the cruel *Artemira*
Lodged in my hated prosperous Rival's Arms:
A Sight would blast me.
I must make haste, my Vengeance is too tardy;
The *Saturnine* dull Planet moves too slow,
But into Deeds I'll put my faint Desire,
Drive and spur on my sluggish Orb of Fire.

Enter King and Artemira.

Art. Ah Royal Sir, as you would reign immortal,
Have Angels ever guard you, Heaven love you,
Men fear you, and Virgins pray for you,
Pity my Pains, and this dire Doom recal.

King. Kind *Meroia*, my Friend and Councellor,
Instruct me how to chide this stubborn Girl;
Now by my Life I offer her a Diadem,
An Emperor's Heart, with all that dazling Splendor,
That would both Crown her Youth, and bless my Days:

And

And would you think it, the mean Spirited Wretch,
Deaf to the acceptance of a courting God-head,
Starts from a Throne, and shrinks into a Shade.
Art. Consider Sir, what 'tis you would command;
You give what 'tis impossible to take.
Ah Sir, I love the Noble *Altomar*,
And with a Faith so true.
King. By Hell she braves me,
Triumphant in th' incorrigible Shame.
Mer. Ah Madam, were I worthy to advise,
Your Royal Father pleads with so much Reason——
Art. Peace sawcy Monster, am I fall'n so low?
Because my angry Father is my Torturer?
Darest thou presume to talk, thou black incendiary?
But to confute all thou darest say or think,
Know the least Thought of *Altomar* I value
'Bove *Gayland*'s Crown, and all his *African* World.
Nay his least Look is worth whole Millions
Of such base Lives as this bold Slave's that hates him.
Mer. Now all the Poison of a bloated Toad
Blister that Face, and purple Plagues new paint it. [*Aside.*
Art. Ah Sir, what is't you'd have me do? If I
Love *Altomar*, can I love *Gayland* too?
Love is the very Soul of the Creation,
And constancy the Soul of Love; and then
Can I love twice? She whose divided Heart
Admits more Loves than one, [illegible] but like her
That breaks a precious Diamond into Sparks,
And makes that worthless, was before inestimable.
King. Alas, I do not court thee to be false;
'Tis then thou'rt false when thou lovest *Altomar*;
False to thy Blood, thy Honour, and to me,
To love below the Daughter of a King;
But fix thy Eyes on an Imperial Head,
And then thou'rt truly Just. Thou canst not guess
The Charms of Love within a Monarch's Arms:
Thy Beauty on a Throne shall not shine only
For thy long Youth, but be even in thy Age triumphant,
Whilst to pursue the Trophies thou hast won,
Thy young Heroick Sons shall conquer Kingdoms,
And their fair Sisters Kings.
Art. Oh misery!
King. Nor is this all; t' embrace the Crown I offer,
Consider, thou wilt make thy Father great:

All

All my Ambition bounds in this Alliance.
In this bleſt Marriage from my Blood will ſpring
That Race ſhall fill the *Africk* Throne for ever.
Art. Oh Ruine!
Mer. Your Graciovs Father———
Art. Dares that Villain ſpeak?
Remove that hated Monſter from my Sight.
Mer. And that proud Devil from the World. [*Aſide.*
Art. Alas, what is that gay vain thing call'd Empire,
You'd have me loſe my Peace and Heav'n to purchaſe?
When from this Heart, my *Altomar*'s dear Throne,
Its Lord I baniſh, 'tis a pain ſo great,
Horror and Hell will fill the empty Seat.
King. A Daughter! Death! why was ſhe born to plague me?
Ye Gods, what ways ye find to make Man wretched!
Our very Heirs, the branches of our ſelves
Are not our own: The Gallant and the Great
Mix active Fires to mould their Likeneſſes,
Whilſt ſome malignant Planet ſheds his Venom,
Clubs in his Dreſs, to baſterdize their Souls,
And grafts a Fool upon a Royal Stock.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Emperor———
King. Now Rebel Daughter,
I muſt be ſhort: prepare to entertain
This mighty Man with all your kindeſt Looks;
Breath one harſh Note, to ſhew your Soul's untuned;
Ruffle that Face but with one angry blaſt,
And the next Hour your Darling breathes his laſt.
Obey me, or expect the Traytor's Head.

Enter Gayland *attended.*

Art. Nurs'd in a Palace, and a King my Parent,
And yet thus wretched! would I had met my *Altomar*
In ſome more hoſpitable Deſert born:
What tho' we lived with Brutes and Savages,
They would be kinder than inhuman Fathers.
King. Great Sir, I leave you to your Fate, Succeſs
And Victory, your long-known Slaves attend you. [*Exit.*
Gayl. Majeſtick Excellence, I come to lay
A Monarch at thy Feet.

So

So Love's soft Goddess War's fierce God disarms,
Melts down his Native Fury in her Arms;
Softens the Influence of his angry Fires,
And blunts the Edge of Fate.

Art. Excellent Vanity!

Gayl. Madam, I ne'er was truly great till now.
What are the Courts of Kings if Love's not there?
What's the unpolisht slaughtering Warrier, but
A nobler Savage, till by love refined?
War, Victory, and Crowns,
But the rude Oar, and the rough Mineral bring,
Whilst 'tis Love melts, and Beauty stamps the King.

Art. In what big Tone this gilded Organ speaks! [*Aside.*
But now to answer him, Oh Love assist me!
Great Sir———

Gayl. Speak, fair Divinity———

Art. Methinks
You magnifie Love's little God too much,
And add too glittering Plumes to the blind Boy.
Alas his unfledg'd Wings soar not so high,
Does not th' exploding World at best call Beauty,
A short-liv'd Bloom, Love Man's Effeminacy,
And Woman only Natures fair Defect?

Gayl. Hold beauteous Brightness, *Artemira*'s Eyes
Shall make a Convert of that senceless World:
Ascend my Dazling Throne, and then see what
The Tribute of my World shall pay to Beauty?
Thus Crown'd, thou shalt not only be adored
By prostrate Nations, but those Nations Lord.
Thus the Imperial Monarch of the Skies,
Melts his Eternal Day in *Juno*'s Eyes.
So shalt thou reign like her, but blest above
Her humbler Joys in a more faithful *Jove*.

Art. Insufferable Vanity! Oh Love how vast
A difference is betwixt the God-like *Altomar*, } *Aside.*
And this poor Image of a King?

Gayl. By Heaven's,
So glorious shall my *Artemira* shine,
That Humane Eyes shan't dare look up so high;
But blinded stand with thy o'erflowing Light.

Art. Great Sir, your Bounty promises such Wonders,
That to experience your prodigious Favours,
I have a Boon to beg.

Gayl. Speak and command it.

Art. It will offend you.
Gayl. By my Crown it shall not.
Art. Have I your Promise?
Gayl. Upon the word of Majesty——
Art. I'm satisfied, and now dare freely speak.
Great Sir, no common Pride ought to embrace
Those Glories you intend for me; but Sir,
Suppose I lov'd before, and love an Object
Below your Royal Greatness: For alas,
All Beauties are not born to conquer Kings;
Yet may be happy far below a Crown;
And tho' the mighty *Gayland* only ought
To storm and conquer; yet I hope you'll promise me
You'll win me bravely, and not seek to force
My Heart, till you have nobly conquer'd it.

Enter Altomar *disguised, and* Morat

Gayl. By these white Charms I swear [*Kissing her Hand.*
By *Alla*, and my own Imperial honour,
I'll never wear this Jewel till I've won it.
Mor. Keep your Disguise, or we are lost for ever. [*To* Altomar.
Alt. Her yielding Hand snatcht to his greedy Lips,
Seiz'd and devour'd by that invading Tyrant. [*Aside.*
Art. Then I've my Wish, now my loved *Altomar*,
I've cut off all his Hopes e'invade thy Right;
He'll never wear thy Jewel till he has won it; [*Aside.*
And that is never: For this Heart's invincible;
And if there's Strength in Vows, or Oaths, or Honour,
I'll make him know he's perjur'd but t'attempt it.
Alt. What riotous pleasures revel in her Eyes?
By Hell he has talk'd her to an Extasie.
Gayl. A favour'd Rival! the only thing I wanted.
By Heav'ns she's now a Conquest fit for me:
Who e'er thou art, poor Wretch love on, court on,
Guard all the Forts of her encompast Heart,
That when I storm, I may have the Charm to try
How at my Sun such poor thin Shadows fly.
Art. Now Royal Sir, your Gallantry——
Alt. Oh horror! [*Aside.*
Art. Your matchless Gallantry has so much Honour,
And so much Charm, that it has given me all
My utmost wish could ask.
Alt. She's gon! She's gon! [*Aside.*

Gayl.

Gayl. Oh my fair Saint, what infinite Mass of Glory
Do my vast hopes embrace!
Come bright Illustrious fair, let Fools and Cowards
Invoke the help of the kind Powers above,
Call on each Star to aid their dastard Love.
On my own Strength my Tug of Fate shall lie,
And let the gazing Gods stand Neuter by. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Altomar *and* Morat.

Alt. Oh I am lost! not the dark Womb of Earth,
That teems with tortur'd Ghosts in the [illegible] realms
Of Vengeance, has a Soul so lost as mine.
Mor. Suppress your Rage, perhaps you are mistaken;
What tho' she gaz'd upon that hated Stranger,
And her kind Tongue caress'd the vain proud Fool,
How do you know but this fond Apparition
May be design and artifice, not love?
Alt. Design! Ah no, her Heart, her Soul's a going,
I saw her, heard her false, beheld those Eyes,
Those once unerring Lights, inchanted with
That shining Comet Power: Saw those bright Suns
Leave their long Tracks of Truth, Faith, Honour, Love,
Whilst a new *Phaeton* usurp'd the Throne,
To set that World of Excellence on Fire.
Mor. How has your Curiosity undone you?
Why did you wooe me from your milder Jayl,
And beg this short Enlargement on your Knees,
To meet this Sight, and be your own Tormentor?
Alt. What tho' I had known I should have found her false?
Not see her! Ah, who could forbear to see her?
Those dear fair Eyes have Charms even when they kill.
So in a Plague, when th' angry Gods send out
Some bright Commission'd Angel to destroy;
Could we but see the Divine Arm that strikes,
We should behold unutterable Glory.
'Tis not the Vengeance that is pours, can lessen
The Majesty of a destroying Deity.
Mor. I have not gone thus far, ventur'd my Head
T'unloose your Chains, brought you thus far to ruine,
And leave you thus: No, I'll go on, thro' Fate
And Death; but I will give your Torments Ease.
Alt. Dear generous, kind *Morat.*
Mor. By Heav'ns I'll carry

This faithless Woman all your Sighs, your Wrongs,
Your just Resentments of her Infidelity:
If she has Honour, Sence or Shame———
Alt. Alas,
Though thou couldst lay my dying Groans before her,
What would that move, if she's resolv'd to kill?
Mor. My Lord I pity you.
Alt. Indeed I want it.
Mor. Now upon second Thoughts, you your own self
Shall tell her your Resentments.
Alt. How?
Mor. Prepare
This Night to visit her.
Alt. My Tutelar Angel!
Morat. Thus then [illegible] th' help of Night,
I will convey you [illegible] to the *Seraglio.*
Alt. Go on.
Morat. Kind *Roselin* your faithful Confident,
I'm certain will admit you:
And to secure you from all dangerous Eyes,
Remove the Princess's watchful Slaves: And tho'
The cruel *Artemira* would deny you,
It would be then too late: Her very dread o' th' Outrage,
To which her harsh Denials may transport you,
Will make your way: For since she's sensible,
That to discover you would give you Death,
For your past Loves
She will not be your Murderer. Now try
Your Fortune, and unriddle all your Fears.
Alt. Now art thou kinder than my Prayers could ask.
Mor. Alas my Lord,
I cannot see your Soul thus Tempest-shaken,
But I must either calm the Storm, or drown in't.
Alt. Thou best of Friends!
Mor. But, Sir, I must conjure you,
Whatever Aspect or disdain you meet,
Let not your Wrongs rise high, nor yet talk loud,
Lest your wild Rage should be your own destroyer.
Alt. No dear *Morat*, Suppose the worst: Imagine
She meets me with a look all cold and bleak
As Winter Stars: Nay to compleat my misery,
Suppose her fallen to that Apostacy,
That she dares boldly tell me, that she loves him:
Suppose all this, and words ten times more cruel,

Which

Which 'tis even Blasphemy to think of yet.
I have loved so well, I shall not with the foulest
Outragious word upbraid her with my Fate;
But falling prostrate at her Feet, and kneeling
To th' adored Heav'n, from whence that Thunderer came,
My breaking Heart shall just keep Life enough,
To bear me back into my Gaol, and die.

Mor. Look up and hope a better Fate.

Alt. Good Heaven,
If possible, dissolve this dreadful Vision;
But if I'm doom'd to see her broken Vows,
Nor Comets with their bearded Majesty,
Those blazing Deputies of th' angry Gods,
Hang o're the World with half that mortal Influence,
As threats this miserable Head. Comets!
Why do I name those Infant Rods of Fate?
If *Artemira*'s Cruelty ordain,
Her wretched Slave in black despair shall die,
Within the Sphere of that destroying Eye
Hang all the bloody Banners of the Sky. [*Exeunt.*

Act III.

The King discovered in his Night-Gown, sitting, Meroin *by him. A Song and Musick.*

The Scene, *A Bed-Chamber.*

King. STop your insipid croaking Throats, and practise
Your little Arts on little Objects: Lull
Some peevish Girl, or froward Boy asleep,
And do not hope to calm a restless King.
I'm stung with a *Tarantula* too strong
For such mean Airs to cure. What has my vast
Ambition form'd to make a Daughter great,
And Father blest? But the resisting Fool
Destroys the Sacred Work. Heavens! I was raising her
A Pile of Majesty, so high, so lofty,

On

On whose Imperial Towrs she might shake hands
With Gods: But angry Love, that envious Deity,
Confounds the Languages of Power and Glory,
And stops the rising Fabrick.

Mer. Stop it? Death!
What should oppose your Will? She knows your Pleasure,
And dares she disobey?

King. True *Meroun*.
I can command her Eye, her hand, her Tongue;
But they're all Hypocrites, all base dissemblers:
Her hidden Thoughts, her Heart's all *Alcoran's*.
Kings are not Gods: Our Pow'r extends o'r all but Souls.
They like unbridled unsubjected Devils,
Soar in that Air of which themselves are Princes.

Mer. Hold Royal Sir, let not your Majesty
So much mistake, thus cheated with a Bubble.
What is that noisy thing we call a Soul?
What's all its Faculties and Passions, but
Th' Impression of our Sence, our Flesh and Blood?
Or the Effects of Chance or Education?
Pamper'd we're wanton, Great we're proud, Distress'd
We're Pious, and in Love we're mad; and Sir,
Is madness a Disease incurable?
No; were she mine, 'tis not a hundred *Alcomar's*
Should keep her from a Throne and *Gayland's* Arms;
And to perform the mighty Operation,
I'd keep her waking with the name of *Gayland*,
Prevent her Morning Prayers with *Gayland*, *Gayland*,
She should scarce hear one word but Kings, Crowns, Empires.
Then would I make her Servants, nay, her very Priests
My Instruments: They should preach her into Love:
Tell her, her way to Heav'n is through *Gayland's* Arms.
Ah Sir, Religion does the rarest Feats
In Love; makes a coy Girl so kind, so pliant.
Then would I keep her caged, watch'd like a Bird,
Till she'd forgot her own wild barbarous Notes,
And learnt my nobler Ayres.
Thou hast inspired me,
And I'll pursue the Sacred Path thou'st laid me.
I'll instantly to her Chamber, and begin
The mighty Work: I'll shew her Greatness Empire
So bright, as shall uncloud her wandering Sences:
High as a Becon fix the blazing Light,
To guide her through the Labyrinths of Night. [*Exit.*

Mer.

Mer. As I could wish. Gon to the Princess Chamber
Unarm'd, unguarded? Now for my Revenge:
Oh 'tis the best, the rarest luckiest Hour,
That Night, the Bawd to murder
Could e'er have pickt me out. And thou proud scornful Syren,
Now to my Vengeance thy false Heart frame fair,
There is no surer Blood-hound than Despair. [*Exit*

Scene II. *The Princess discovered in her Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Altomar *introduced by* Rosolin.

Art. Kind Heav'n he comes,
Ros. Know 'tis with wondrous danger
But greater Kindness that my Royal Mistress
Admits you at this Hour.
Alt. My generous Guide,
May Heav'n and Love requite thee for this Favour
Those Powrs which are my Enemies toward thee. [*Exit* Rosolin.
Art. Approach my *Altomar*: Why with Distance
Befits a Courting, not a Conquering Lover;
But say my *Altomar*, what saying Anger
Has broke thy Chains to bless thy Prisoner?
Alt. Still the same Sweetness! If the Flower's so fragrant, [*Aside.*
Can the dear Root be poison'd?
Art. Why, are you silent Sir, now by my Life
Your crowding Joys to see your kind dear Princess,
Have lockt your Tongue, shut up the narrow Vent
For words, and made your swelling Raptures dumb:
Nay then I will increase your Extasie.
Know, I've been storm'd by your proud haughty Rival,
The vainest thing that ever Fortune rais'd,
For Fools t' obey, or Beauty to dispise:
But by my kind compliance with his Pride,
I have so pleas'd his Vanity, so wrought
The Royal Pageant up, till he has sworn
By *Alla*, and his own Imperial Honour,
He'll never marry me, till he has conquer'd me.
Now when I meet the shining Meteor next,
I'll own our Loves, and tell him I'm invincible.
Alt. Is this the Vertue, Gods, I have profaned!
And this that Truth my frantick Fears could doubt? [*Aside.*

Art.

Art. Then if he has the least Spark of Majesty,
And still dares tire me with his nauseous Love,
I'll Thunder in his Ears his Royal Promise,
His blasted Honour, and his broken Vows,
Till I have shamed him from his hopeless Suit,
Made him take all his gaudy Streamers in,
And shrink like blushing Cowards from a Siege.
Alt. Oh was there ever Constancy like thine; [*Aside.*
Or jealous impious Infidel like me?
Art. And does your *Artemira*'s Kindness please you?
Alt. Please me!
Not a blest Soul at the last Trumpets Sound
Can hear his Call to everlasting Glory
With greater Extasie——

Enter Rosolin *running.*

Ros. Madam, the King your Father——
Art. Ha! what sayest thou?
Ros. Is coming hither, just now ent ring,
And I've out run the Danger to alarm you.
Alt. Confusion!
Art. Fly, fly my *Altomar*——But hold, to move
That way, would be to meet him in the Face,
And to stay here is Death.
Alt. What shall I do?
Alt. Rerire into my Closet.
Alt. Oh unhappy Chance! [*Exit into the Closet.*
Art. Husht as your Grave your silent Station keep:
For if you stir my *Altomar* must die.

Enter King.

King you seem disturb'd; is it the Father's Presence
Or Daughters Guilt that makes this Ague fit?
Art. Dread Sir a Visit at this hour of Night,
Ev'd from a Father cannot but surprize me.
King. Suppress your Fear, draw nigh, I come to talk with you,
Art. Speak with the Voice of mercy Royal Sir,
And whilst the Breath of Majesty delivers
The charming Oracles, thus low I'll fall [*Kneels.*
T'embrace the Feet of the inspir'd God that utters 'em.
King. Well, I will speak with Mercy.

Art.

Art. Yes Royal Sir, if you but knew what Love meant,
Then you would ſpeak with Mercy, then you'd pity
My bleeding Heart, not bid me barbarly ſell
My ſolid Peace for th' empty name of Empreſs.
Alas, I would obey you if I could;
But the Command's Impoſſible.
I have lov'd once, and ne'er can love again.
True Love's
A Bird of Paradiſe, when once on Wing
It keeps the Airy Region, where it flies,
And never lights before it falls and dies.

Enter Meroin, *looking the Door after him.*

King. Tortures and Furies, how ſhe frets my Soul!
Turns all my Blood to Gall.
Mer. And mine to Poiſon.
King. How *Meroin?*
Mer. I come to tell thee King,
That I have chas'd a hunted Tyrant, and
This fair falſe Crocodile into the Toil,
And on this Spot they die.
King. How lawcy Traytor! [*Draws.*
What means this unexampled Inſolence?
Mer. Why Sir, I'll tell you, call to your Remembrance
The many Wounds I have received for you:
Have I not been your Conquering Admiral
For almoſt twice ſeven Years; my Loyalty
Untainted, and my Courage undiſputed?
But thy Ingratitude *Barbarian* King,
Could lay me like a ruſty Armor by;
Nor has ſhe play'd the Tyrant leſs than thou:
Her cruelty and her proud haughty Scorn
To all my ſlighted Sighs, has light that Brand
Which nothing but her Hearts laſt Blood can quench:
But I loſe time.
King. Hold, Impious Slave, yet hold; if thou e'er think,
Much leſs dareſt put in an Action, what thou threaten'ſt,
Canſt thou e'er hope thy Royal Maſter's Murder
Will go unpuniſht?
Mer. Yes, you would frighten me with Stakes or Gibbets,
Wracks or wild Horſes, or ſome ſuch foolish thing;
But know, miſtaken King, I came not hither
With ſuch a faint Deſign; I and my Injuries
Are more reſolv'd than ſo. [*Now for thy Heart.*

Re-enter Altomar interposing.

Alt. Hold Traytor.

Mer. Ha!

Alt. Thou Monster more than damn'd.

Mer. Curses and Plagues, what Fury brought him hither.

Alt. Triumphant Infidel, durst thy black Soul
But think to kill thy King!
What Lunacy inspired thy Frantick Rage,
With the least Hope t' effect the Savage Deed?
Dog, didst thou see yon Azure Roof all Blaze
With unknown Fires? The groaning World beset
With Comets, Earth-quakes, Plagues and Deluges?
These are the Prologues to a murder'd King.
But do I talk? Thy Crimes, and this just Arm
Fall on thee, Traytor. [*They fight*, Merolin *falls.*
Take thy just Reward. [*Sticking him to the Ground.*
Go sink, and howl in everlasting Flames.

Mer. Thou'st kill'd me, and Perdition seize the Murderer, [*Dies.*

Alt. Thus low, great Sir, I bend my prostrate Soul, [*Kneels, and layes his Sword at the King's Feet.*
O'er whelm'd with Glory, and o'er charg'd with Bliss:
For I have sav'd the Royal *Abuzeiden*,
And the fair *Artemira* lives by me.

King. Rise *Altomar*, for I have much to say,
And thou to hear. True thou hast sav'd our Lives——

Alt. With greater Joy, with greater Piety
Than e'er the *Trojan* Youth his Aged Sire
Over the rowling Conflagration bore,
And stemm'd a Tide of Fire. To save my King——

King. Hold your Carier, and do not vainly sing
Your ill tuned Triumph: Yes, you've saved our Lives.
Your fatal Kindness like the circling Adder
Kills when't embraces. Speak thou dreadful Gorgon,
That turn'st me into Stone, how camest thou hither?

Art. Stop but your Rage, and let me tell you how.
Oh Sir, look up, and see yon shining Empire,
Where th' Universal Monarch sits, whose Angels
Stand Sentinels around the Lives of Kings:
Hither by that fore-seeing Providence
Was th' happy *Altomar* sent by Commission,
To save my Royal Father's Life——

King. Peace Scriech Owl.

How

How artfully the fond Inchantress pleads!
What fatal Planet led me to this place,
To see the Ruines of my royal Name?
So close alone, at this dark hour of Night
Hid in her Closet like a lustful Satyr?
Alt. What words are these I hear?
King. Truth Ravisher; sounds that will sink thy Soul,
When thy hot burning Lust shall plunge below
In the black lake quencht like a hiss[illegible] Fire-brand.
Alt. Oh speak once more: For though my shivering Nerves
Shake like an Ague, they're such dreadful Accents,
I scarce dare trust my Ears, nor can I think
'Tis *Artemira*'s Royal Father speaks.
King. Triumphant Villany! he likes the Musick,
And fain would hear the pleasing Notes repeated.
Is't not enough that thou hast broke thy Chains,
Look'd like a Tyger for thy Mid-night prey,
And stand'st all reeking with her tainted Blood——
Alt. Her tainted Blood
King. Silence that Ravens Croak.
Is this a Place, an Hour, a Scene for Innocence?
Gods!
Why is the Race of Kings the Lines of Heroes,
With all those mighty Names,
Descent, Nobility, Birthright and Power
Entrusted to the Truth of that frail Sex?
Why did you give our undeserving World
That Image of your own great Godhead Honour,
And lodge it in that brittle Creature Woman?
Alt. How can you wander in this Mist of Hell?
Can you believe (Perdition) can you think
That I came hither on that black Design?
Behold that Face; and know mistaken King,
He that dares look upon that awful Vertue,
Must gaze with Eyes pure as translated Saints:
His Soul an Altar, and each thought a Offering,
Each Groan a Manna, and each Sigh a Pray'r
And every burning Wish a Vestal Fire.
Whilst lawless Flesh and Blood, gross brutal Sence,
Those heavier baser Cordial Elements,
Are beaten to their Farthy Center down,
And blasted with that dazling Presence die.
King. Bold Slave I'll hear no more.
Hope not to walh

Thy Sooty Soul, nor paint thy blackness white.
Alt. Yet hear me King, could my rebellious Heart
But entertain one Thought to her Dishonour,
I'd pluck th' invenom'd Traytor up by th' Roots,
Burn all the Channels, all the Veins of Life
Torn up like Conduits in a flaming City,
To quench my impious and infernal Fire.
King. Oh artful Hypocrite! shall I permit
Such Impudence to talk and live? Where are you Slaves?
Alt. Gods, that the very best of Men and Kings
Should cast a Stain on that Imperial Beauty,
And meanly think that Chrystal Fountain poison'd!
King, Slaves, Traytors!
Alt. Is this the Charge her Guardian Angels keep?
Or are th' unthinking drowsie Gods asleep?
If this Eclipse on her bright Fame can lie,
Ye Gods, why burn the Tapers of your Skie?
Since Nature's brightest Stamp is thus disgrac'd,
Why are not all her baser Moulds defac'd?
Let all things in one joynt confusion lie;
Mourn Heav'n, end World, and bleeding Nature die.
Leave not one Star of that enammel'd Light,
But shrow'd your Heads in everlasting Night.
Instead of all
Those shining Orbs which your Creation crown'd,
May nought but Death in the void Space be found;
Goblins and Specters walk th' eternal Round.
King. Where are you Villains, tardy Slaves, where are you?

Enter Eunuchs.

You dull unsinew'd Vassals: Eunuchs, damn'd
Are these th' Effeminate Guards t' a Ladies Honour?
Those spightful Dogs, who when we blot out Man,
Write Bawd and Pander in revenge. Speak Monsters,
How got that Traytor Entrance?
Mirvan. Altomar!
My Lord, we know not.
King. No; you were removed:
The amorous Play admitted no Spectators;
And t' execute her Honor's tragick Doom,
The Stage was clear for the infernal Scene.
Go, seize that impious ——— [*They seize him.*

Alt.

Alt. Take me Slaves,

Art. But one poor Heart, and all these Stabs will break it.

Alt. And now behold your dire Command's obey'd.
Send me to Death, and Sir, to banish all
Idea's of Remorse, if the least Service
Of *Altomar's* whole Life rise to disturb you,
Stifle the strangled Rebel in its Birth,
And blot remembrance from your Soul: Now kill me,
Rend my disjoynted Bones, and make each part
A several Martyr, every Scatter'd Limb
A Stranger to the Branch on which it grew.
Do this, and all your utmost Rage can frame,
So you'll be kind, and right her injured Fame.

King. Take him him away.

Alt. Yet stay, stay cruel Judge.
Since I am doom'd to die, even condemned Murderers
Have leave to speak before their Execution.

King. Well, you have leave to speak, talk to the Winds.

Alt. If I had been that Villain which you think me,
And durst attempt to blast her Sacred Fame,
After that Crime what is't I durst not do?
I might have set that Traytor cut your Throat;
And when I'd seen you groveling on the Floor,
Have then stept out and sav'd my Royal Mistress.
That done,
Her Father dead, her Crown and Heart her own,
Without Controul I might have seiz'd my Prey;
Have feared no Rival Emperors, but revell'd
In her soft Arms, and triumph'd on her Throne.
All this I might have done were I a Villain:
But know mistaken Prince, I've not commanded
Your Navy, fought your Battels, propt your Throne
To see my Sovereign die, that Sacred Lord,
That awful Man that gave my Princess Life,
May never die whilst I've a Sword to save him.

Art. Oh Miracle of Virtue!

King. How he tires me!

Alt. Nay were't to do again, I'd save your Life,
Tho' the same Hour you doom'd my Death,
And drag'd my Princess to my Rival's Bed,
I could not see you bleed: I'd meet a hundred Swords,
And in my King's Defence stand like a Battery,
To block their Passage to your precious Life;
And when they'd hew'd me like a shatter'd Rampart down,

Each

Each mangled Limb should kiss your Sacred Feet,
Proud that they d[illegible]d the cruel *Abunaidin*:
For still you're *Artemira*'s Royal Father.

King. For these kind words, to take off all Aspersion
Of my ingratitude, I'll own you've saved
Our Lives, and in return I give you yours.
Mirvn, your Charge does not extend to Blood,
Only confine him to a stronger Gaol,
And send a Bow-string to the false *Morat*.

Alt. Oh save the poor *Morat*: If he has sinn'd,
The Crime was mine, be mine the Punishment [*Kneels*.

King. For mine then, and my Daughters Life I give
You yours and his; and now you're amply paid.
Not one word more; for if you speak he dies.
Now Rebel Daughter, to atone your Sins,
Assume Obedience for your Sacrifice.
Prepare to morrow to be *Gayland*'s Bride.

Alt. Oh my hard Fate!

Art. Ah Sir but think, think what dire doom yo've giv'n me.
Could I consent, and at your dread Commands
Give him my Hand without my Heart, and force
My faultering Tongue to speak the blinding Words,
The very Breath that utters 'em will blast me;
And the accusing conscious God of Marriage
Will be so far from aiding at the Ceremony,
That the very Tapers on the Sacred Altar
Will strike those deadly Flashes in my Eyes,
I shall fall blind at his imperial Feet;
And when I'm drag'd into that dismal Scene
The Nuptiat Bed, instead of Bridal Blushes,
He'll find a trembling Wretch beset with Horrors,
All pale as Death, and ghastly as the Grave.
Is this a Wife fit for a Monarch's Bosom?
Or this the Doom of your poor *Artemira*?

King. Leave these vain Tears, fantastick weeping Fool,
Those Glories I've design'd thee, will dispel
These Vapours, and un-seal thy blinded Eyes.
Now if thou'rt honest, (as pray Heav'n thou art)
Lustre and Fame be thy immortal Prize.
If not, if thou hast plaid the treacherous Wanton,
And when I give thee to the Emperor's Arms,
He finds thee false, thy Virgin Honour lost,
Thy Hearts rank Blood appease his Wrongs and mine,
Lie down his Bride, and rise his Sacrifice.

After.

Art. Oh my too rigid Fate! the merciless Souldier
That flies with Fire and Sword threw a storm [illegible] City,
Is gentler than a Father;
He tender Hearted Man,
Melted and pierc'd with ravish'd Vergins Shrieks,
Strikes his kind Javelin through their throbbing Hearts,
And ends their Pains, their Groans, and Shame together:
But this mild Doom would much too gentle be,
More lingring Torments are reserv'd for me.

King. Away with her dull Slaves.

Art. Dear *Altomar* farewell. [*Exeunt* King, Artemira, *and some of the Attendants.*

Alt. Yes angry Pow'rs, my Destiny rides Post;
I hear the Mandrake groan, and I am lost.
Eternal Darkness wraps my Soul all o'er,
And long's his Night whose Sun must rise no more. [*Exeunt.*

Act IV.

Gayland *with Attendants.*

Gayl. Oh now the Mist is cleared, degenerate Princess!
Fantastick Beauty, can this fair Apostate
Doat on an abject despicable Slave!
What is't you call the Vassal?

1. *Atten.* *Altomar.*

Gayl. Now could I laugh at that fair Folly Woman:
No doubt some little Wretch her Smiles have raised,
And pufft the boulster'd Pigmy up with Pride;
And now he stalks and struts.

1. *Att.* Great Sir,

Gayl. Did you command his Jaylor
In our Imperial Name to come before us?

1. *Att.* Great Sir he waits without.

Enter.

Enter Mirvan.

Mirv. I come great Sir, to know your high Commands.
Gayl. Art thou the keeper of this *Altomar*?
Mirv. Yes Sir, that Princely Mourner is my Charge.
Gayl. That Princely Mourner! Death, the Slave is Elegant.
Where is that Princely Mourner?
Mirv. Great Sir,
That Chamber is his homely Palace, that
Course Cabinet enshrines his drooping Glory.
Gayl. His drooping Glory! Eloquent Villain,
Conduct me to this drooping Glory,
By *Jove*, I'll face this little daring Rival,
This animated Clod of Earth and Ashes,
And look the audacious proud Aspirer dead.
Ser. How Sir!
Will your Imperial Majesty descend
To make a Visit to a Slave in Chains?
Gayl. Yes, I'll be kind and put him out of Pain [*Exit.*

Re-enters, the Scene changed.

But stay——Retire, I'll talk with him alone:
For should I come thus followed, thus attended,
He'll say I proudly take th' Advantage
Of Crowds and Pomp to brave him. Leave me.

Exeunt Attendants, and Enter Altomar.

Gayl. When I shall tell thee what Imperial Head,
The Terror of the World, and Lord of Kingdoms
These humble Walls inclose. It is a Name
Will make thy chilling Blood shrink to thy Heart.
Alt. Why, what art thou, my haughty noisy Blusterer?
Gayl. Bold Sir, men call me *Gayland*.
Alt. *Gayland*! wondrous well.
Gayl. Ha! is this all?
Alt. Why *Gayland*, if Men call you *Gayland*,
What would you more?
Gayl. Thou unfleg'd Heroe, know,
That conquering Prince to whose triumphant Chariot
Proud Nations, and their Lords in Chains fall prostrate,
Comes here to ask thee with what Insolence——

Alt.

Alt. Insolence!
Gayl. Yes with what Insolence thou darest look up
To that bright Saint that I vouchsafe Padore!
Alt. Know then,
Thou conquering Prince to whose Triumphant Chariot
Proud Nations and their Lords in Chains fall prostrate,
To that bright Saint, that Goddess of my Soul,
I dare look up with the same Courage
As she looks down on *Gayland.*
Gayl. Arrogant Slave!
Now by my Imperial Honour,
I could grow angry with this crawling Insect,
And crush the hissing feeble stingless Worm;
But Kings are Gods, and I will calm my Thunder:
My lightning is too proud to blast a Shrub.
Alt. Then merciful good natur'd Thunderer,
You use me kindly.
Gayl. Rude Slave!
Alt. Rude King, that darest invade my Right,
My *Artemira's* Heart: but know she hates thee;
And had those Nations thou hast vanquish'd been
But half so much invincible, thy Empire
Would not have reacht so far as does thy Shadow:
Nor had thy Sword e'er won more Ground than just
Thy Length in Earth, to lay thy Bones in Dust.
Gayl. Patience kind Heav'n, by all the Fires that animate
Those ever burning Globes, I shall grow mad.
Alt. Mad! How it would please me
To see the Fierce *Nemaean* Lion foam,
Tear up the Ground, and dash his angry Sides,
Whilst I, like *Hercules*, in State stand by,
Behold thy Lunatick full Tide swell o'er,
Then smile to hear the Royal Savage roar.
Gayl. Now by my Life the Soul of Empire
Bold Traytor take——— [*Going to stab him.*
Where am I going? Gods.
I thank you, I'm once more my Passions Lord;
And Slave, I'll find a nobler way to punish thee:
Attend and listen to thy Doom.
To morrow I will marry *Artemira.*
Alt. Marry her! thou darest not.
Gayl. Sawçy Mortal, dare not!
Yes, and to augment thy Plagues, thou shalt in Chains
Stand by to aid the Ceremony.

Alt. So Sir.

Gayl. In thy right Hand the Bridal Taper hold;
Then to the Temple ſhalt my Triumphs light,

Alt. Moſt excellent!

Gayl. And when ſhe takes her highest ſtep
To Glory, know thy bended Neck's her Foot-ſtool,
Into my Throne ſhe mounts upon thy Head.

Alt. My Head!

Gayl. Thy Head, proud Traytor; and to ſumm all,
When in her Arms our Worlds great Lord ſhall lie,
Live to diſpair, then ſtab thy ſelf and die.

Alt. Thou marry her! by the all-ſeeing Gods
That know this Heart, there's ſomething in this Breaſt
So dear, ſo great, ſo far beyond thy Droſs,
Thy baſer Mould, that I'm as far above thee
In *Artemira*'s Eyes, as *Jove* from *Pluto*.
There's ſomething Sacred that informs my Soul
I'm ſo much more a King than thou, that were not
My ſhorten'd Talons cut, and my Wings pinion'd,
My Eagle Rage ſhould ſoar above thy Head,
And ſtrike thee like a croaking Raven dead.

Gayl. Down to thy Grave, profane rude Monſter down.

[*Going to ſtab him.*

Diſarm'd, Oh ſhame, and like a naked Slave.

[*Alcomar ſnatches the Dagger out of his Hand.*

But thus I'll ſend the Dog to *Cerberus*.

[*Drawing his Sword.*

Alt. Coward, come on.

Gayl. Death and Perdition greet thee.

[*They fight, Alcomar defending himſelf with the Dagger. Whilſt they are fighting, the King enters, and as they go to part them, Alcomar receives a great many Wounds, he ſtrikes in with the Emperor, and Gayland falls. Guards ſeize Alcomar,*

Gayl. My brittle Glaſs burſt by a Vaſſal's Hand!
My Life and Glories ſtruck by a Slave!
Burn, burn your Looms, curſt Hags, ye Hell-born Sifters,
If you can twiſt the Threads of Kings no ſtronger.

[*Dies.*

King. Oh my headlong
Ruine! From what a Precipice am I fall'n!
Is this a Daughter's Coronation Day?
My very Crown, my tottering Kingdom
Shakes at this Blow! Does not th' Imperial Army
Of fifty thouſand Men lie at my Gates,
A Force too ſtrong for my weak Power to grapple with?

Who

Who, in revenge of their dear murder'd Emperor!
Will raize my City, lay my Kingdom waste,
All buried in one heap of Desolation.

Als. Revenge their Tyrant Emperor?
Yes Sir, I kill'd him, and so kill'd him; that
Th' applauding World muſt juſtifie the Blow,
An Emperor! like a mean-ſpirited Slave
He came, and poorly braved me in my Chains.
Then in the baſeſt moſt unmanly Way
He ſtruck his Dagger at my naked Breaſt;
But from his Hand unarm'd I ſnatch'd the Ponyard,
And in a brave Defence thus ſtain'd, thus goard,
Tript up the Heels of the Gigantick Coward,
And with his weight I make his Grave ſhake under him.

King. Hold Britiſh Impudence, canſt thou plead excuſe
For this infernal Deed?
Better a thouſand low-born Souls like thine
Should float in Shoals in Rivers and Seas of Blood,
Than the leaſt Vein of Majeſty ſhould bleed,
Or a Crown'd Head but ake.

Als. A Crown'd Head! ſo at that rate a Villain
May be an Emperor at his Coronation.
Murder and Hell held up the Canopy,
Whilſt Blood and Treaſon died his Royal Purple.
No Voice of Majeſty, no Sound of Glory;
But Maſſacre, Rebellion, Deſolation.

King. Silence, this Blaſphemy, what prophane Breath
Has Treaſon in Defiance? What if his Danger
Aim'd at my naked Breaſt, ſo angry Gods
Strike impious Men [illegible] Thunder?
Or ſhould an inſ[illegible] the Duellet?
Thy Pride I'm [illegible] ſacred Rage,
And 'twas but juſt thy [illegible] ſhould pay for't.

Enter Artemira *and Women.*

King. But bold Aſſaſſine, thy impious Fury
Could lift thy Hand againſt the Life of Majeſty?
The beſt of Men thou haſt traiterouſly kill'd
And like a Traytor thou muſt die.

Als. A Traytor!

Art. Die! Oh my ſtarried Soul.

Als. No cruel Lord,
I kill'd him nobly, bravely kill'd him, King.

No grapling *Roman* in *Romes* Amphitheater
Took an encountring Lion by the Throat,
And tore his Heart out with a Rage more manly.
King. Oh Giant Insolence!
But I lose Breath: he dies, and instantly.
His Execution, *Achmat*, be thy Charge.
First publish him a Traytor to the State;
Then build a Scaffold in the open *Forum*;
A Wrack and Torturers prepared be ready.
T' appease the Blood of this great murder'd Monarch;
By all my hopes th' Assassinate shall die,
With the same solemn Form of Death, our Law
And Custom dooms a Traytor to our Crown.
Alt. Ah Sir, you ne'er was barbarous till this Hour.
Die for an honourable piece of Justice
Done in my own Defence; and like a Traytor!
Proclaim'd a Traytor! branded and exposed
T' a traiterous publick Shame! My Death I scorn to fear;
But to die infamous is more than dying.
Shame is the only Wound great Souls can feel.
Art. Oh hear me, Sir, whilst I have Life to speak;
Look on that Gallant Youth, that Mine of Honor,
Faith, Truth and Love, the very Soul of Angels,
And Model of a God.
Alt. Oh matchless Sweetness!
Art. And must that Throne, that bright Celestial Temple
Be raised by sacrilegious impious Hands
Inhumane King——but Oh I can no more [*Faints.*
King. No Traytress, thou hast done too much;
Thy Eyes, young Witch, light this dire Conflagration,
And only blaze t' a King and Kingdoms Ruine.
Art. Ah my dear Lord——I'm going——unkind heart
To break so soon, and not to stay for *Altomar*, [*Swoons.*
Alt. She faints, she faints, that injur'd Beauty dies:
Look up my Star, shine out thy clouded Brightness.
Now King thou'rt more than exquisitely cruel:
For if your Tyranny must break that Heart,
My Wrongs are Pageants to this last dire blow.
King. Why Villain, let her faint and die, what then?
Sleep on, thou Scandal of my Blood, sleep on
For ever, whilst I never sleep again. *Exit King.*
Alt. Divine sweet excellence, look up and live:
'Tis thy kind Absence only kills thee live.

Art.

Art. From Death's cold Sleep what voice of Pity wakes me?
Ah my dear Lord, is't you? What a bleſt Change
Is here? Did not my cruel Father
Fright my poor Soul away with the ghaſtly Viſion
Of my dear murder'd Lord?
And do I wake in *Altomar*'s kind Arms!
Alt. Yes, Royal Sweetneſs, thy Tyrannick Father,
Though he has decreed thy *Altomar* muſt die——
Art. Nay then, why were my cloſing Eyes
Torn open to behold this hated Light,
More terrible than Death's eternal Night?
Alt. Let not the Torrent of thy Sorrow ſwell
Too high; Thy *Altomar* is not ſo loſt.
He has Glories, Pleaſures, Joys; and thy kind Father
Has through his burning Rage ſome Sparks of Pity:
He has left this Treaſure in my dying Arms,
And kindly crowns the Victim e'er it bleeds.
Art. And muſt you die? I cannot, will not bear it.
Ye angry Gods, if this be the Reward
Of Truth and Love, and unkind Providence
Ordains two faithful Hearts a Fate ſo diſmal,
Poor Love, I ſeem has but few Friends in Heav'n.
Alt. Indeed, my Sweeteſt Saint, 'tis very hard,
That I muſt gaze on thoſe bright Eyes no more.
Graſp thy dear Knees, lie at thy Feet no more,
Till we ſhall meet agen above the Stars.
A very ſad long Journey for a Lover;
But we ſhall meet agen, and what, tho' 'tis
Beyond the Graves, To win this glorious Prize
The Race can never be too long,
The Way too craggy, nor the Goal too far:
No, my beſt Life, the Stars are not ſo diſtant;
Nor are the Battlements of Heav'n too high
To ſcale for ſo much Beauty.
Art. Oh my *Altomar*.
How ſad a Story ſhall we leave behind us?
Henceforward when ſome melancholy Virgin
Looks out a lonely Cell to mourn and die,
She'll read no more the tender mournful Tales
Of raviſht *Philomel*, or bleeding *Lucrece*;
But turning o'er our more unhappy Loves,
Read, till ſhe has ſigh'd her dying Taper out,
And drown'd her Eyes in *Artemira*'s Woe.
Oh let me ſigh my Soul into thy Arms,

And

And power a flowing Deluge on thy Bosom.
Art. Best of the Sex, thou softest Virgin Sweetness,
Who would not die thus mourn'd, thus loved, thus pitied,
With thy kind tender Sighs, and melting Eyes,
Such gentle Showers, and fragrant Gales around me,
When the luxurious *Anthony*
In dissolved Pearl drank Kingdoms at a Draught,
He lived not with that Pleasure that I die:
I in this Nectar taste Eternity.

Enter Achmat *and Guards.*

Ach. My Lord, I come to make a harsh Divorce.
Art. Oh bloody Tyrant Father!
Alt. Hold, yet stay.
Ach. My Lord, our Haste——
Alt. Black Instrument of Hell,
May I not stay to take my last Farewell?
My only Life, along and last Adieu.
But he that goes to die, sure ought to take
His leave upon his Knees,
So have I seen
The Beauteous Image of the Queen of Love
Adorn'd with all her Graces, her fair Hand,
Her blushing Cheeks, and mourning Eyes all Sweetness.
And at the Feet of the Celestial Form,
Her humble *Cupid* hanging round her Knees.
Oh Love let me make up that pious Figure:
Low as the Feet of my dear Goddess bow,
And mourn and weep till I'm as blind as those.
Ach. Sir, our Commission brooks no more delay.
Alt. Merceless Slaves——
Art. My dearest *Altomar*
Farewell; and in thy dying Groans remember
Thy *Artemira* hovers round thy Head.
Like thy best Genius, waits thee to thy Heav'n.
My mounting Soul with thy last breath shall fly,
I If can hold so long before I die.

Exit forced out by Achmat.

Alt. She's gone
The Lees and Out-cast of the whole Creation
Are Princes to the [illegible]ched *Altomar*.
Gallies and Dungeons [illegible] not such a Slave:
A Slave so lost [illegible]

Now

Now Gentlemen, you whose Commission 'tis
T' attend a dying Martyr to a Stake;
There was a time, my Valliant Fellow-Souldiers,
We marcht together in a Cause more glorious.
Morat. Yes injured Prince there was: when our great General,
The Conquering *Altomar* led us to Victory.
Alt. Name it no more: that day is quite forgotten,
My Honour's laid in dust as I must be:
But now with my last Breath I must conjure you;
Let not my ghastly [illegible] fright you from
Your dearest Loyalty [illegible] on my Souldiers;
Fight for your Royal Lord; go on till you
Have won him Troubles numberless as Stars,
And Glory dazling as the Sun: And then expect
The brave Reward of all your Noble Toils:
For he's a King so just, a King so generous,
A King so merciful——he can be cruel
To nothing but to *Altomar*; unkind
To nought but *Altomar*.
Mirv. How bright a Mind
Is lodg'd within this clouded Pile of Honour!
Alt. Lead on; yet stay—When you shall see me bleed,
Tho' thro' a hundred Gates my Life shall fally out,
Let not my Blood force an unmanly Tear;
For 'tis a Souldier dies, and Death's our Game;
Aud where we have no Stake but Life to lose,
The Pain's not worth a Sigh; But when you think
With what an ignominious Doom I fall,
All blasted with the leprous Name of Traitor,
That only Torture, Shame, dire killing Shame,
Then power your pity through your bursting Eyes,
To think how my poor gasping Honour dies.
Morat. Never was Fate so sad.
Alt. But Oh my Princess!
What Plagues, what Hells my black despair would find,
Were not the charming *Artemira* kind?
But now, ye Gods, in spite of Tyranny,
Ingratitude, Death, Torture, Infamy,
Tho' all th' Artillery of Fate,
And all your Thunder level at my Head
Fate only can my Earthy Out-works win;
But she makes Safety, Strength and Peace [illegible]
Amidst the threatning Storms that round me [illegible]
Loves kind white Flag [illegible] out to calm my Soul.

[Enemy.

ACT

Act V.

Enter Morat *meeting* Mirvan.

Mor. *Mirvan*, thy Looks speak Horror; if thou'rt come
From the Imperial Army, and dost bring
Ought terrible, give it a Tongue. No Voice
But that of Ruine sure should speak to day.
Mirv. Yes Sir, I come from the Imperial Camp,
To tell you that Distraction and Confusion
Lie like a brooding Plague around our Walls.
No Mutiny was ever half so loud.
The Souldiers in a hundred different Shapes
Of Outrage crowd about their General's Tent.
And where the Fury of this Storm will fall,
Whether their Clamors be their pious Rage
For their lost Emp'ror, or a kindling Fire
In vengeance to his Blood, Heav'n only knows.
Mor. Alas! Those little Horrors are not half
So dismal, as our Tragick Scene within.
Oh *Mirvan*, *Mirvan*, that Illustrious Youth,
The gallant conquering *Othmar*, at whose
Adored dear Name our Nation's Genius bows.
He who has propt out sinking Kingdoms Glory
Is basely murder'd, like a Traytor dies.
And by a Death so infamous, so inhuming.

Enter Rosalin.

Ros. Oh never, never was a Sight so horrid.
Mor. Ah Madam, if your Eyes have seen so much,
Fly from this Ground; For I am repeating that
Will wound your Ears, and act new Murders there.
Ros. No, kind *Morat*, if thou canst Breath that Story
Whose Repetition is enough to kill,
Live thou to tell it, whilst I die to hear it.

Mor.

Mor. What Hearts of Flesh, with Eyes of Sence and Pity
Could ſtand to ſee that God-like Martyr ſtretcht
Upon a Wrack, fixt on a publick Scaffold;
And then behold from all his Tortur'd Limbs,
His manly Fleſh torn off with burning Pincers.
Oh more than barbarous King! the ſooty Cyclops,
Who ſwearing at the Anvil, points the lightning,
And moulds the Bolts of th' angry Thunder er
Ne'er ſhaped a metal for a work ſo diſmal.
Mirv. Oh matchleſs Cruelty!
Mor. Nor is this all to drown his dying Groans,
The Drums and Trumpets, all thoſe martial Organs,
Which once were tuned to noblest Ayres, when *Altomar*
Fill'd their ſhrill Throats with ſounds of Victory,
Are now employed to ring his Funeral Peal.
Methinks I fancy how in times firſt Non-age,
The frighted World beheld the darkning Moon;
Then joyn'd with diſcord dinns of reeling Braſs,
Cryes, Yells, and Shouts to aid the labouring Planet.
So ſing the Dirges of the dying *Altomar*,
No Sounds too harſh for ſuch eclipſing Glory.
Mirv. What could provoke the beſt of Kings to act
A Deed below the worſt of Savages?
Mor. That Canker of Great Souls; thoſe only Actors
In all great Maſſacres, Fear, and Revenge.
He fears the Out-rage of the mutinous Souldiers,
And thinks his threat'ned Kingdom lies at Stake,
And for th' ignoble Cowards Maxim, Safety,
In hopes to mitigate their Rage, he proſecutes
This more than common Vengeance for their King.
Mirv. What could the wretched *Altomar* e'er do,
To harden the obdurate Gods againſt him?
Mor. Why nothing,
Only he loved the Daughter of his King;
And as that criminal, doom'd for robbing Heav'n,
In Tortures like the poor *Prometheus* dies,
For ſtealing Fire from *Aſtemira*'s Eyes.
Roſ. Oh Sir, you leave the ſaddeſt part untold:
'Tis not enough this injur'd Hero dies;
But to make revenge aſtoniſhingly cruel,
The mourning Princeſs in more exquiſite Torments
For her forbidden Love to her dear *Altomar*,
By her own Slaves, her now-made Jaylors haled,
Stands by to view the Bloody Execution.

And see her dying Lover's Heart-strings crack.
The mourning *Niobe* for her slaughter'd Sons
Congealed with Horror to a weeping Marble;
Her griefs were calm to *Artemira's* Woes.
Art. Inhumane, bloody, Savage, Tyrant Father,
Oh let me die, Dogs, Slaves, infernal Torturers,
Lend me a Javelin, Sword, Cords, Daggers, Poyson.
No Fiend below, no pitying God above;
Nor one kind Bolt in Heaven to strike me dead?
Alt. Oh stop that Sacred Flood, my Royal Heaven,
Weep not for me; for I'm above all pity.
But some few Minutes more, and I shall mount
On Angels Wings to that immortal Throne,
Where dying Lovers Groans are heard no more;
Nor their warm purple stains the reeking Floor.
Art. Let go your Hold, Tormentors, let me go.
Oh see proud Slaves, your humble Princess kneels;
And can she be denyed? [*Gets loose.*
——Oh my dear murder'd Lord, [*Kneeling.*
Alt. Ah rise, fair royal Angel mourner, rise.
Art. Oh never, never, on my Knees I'll grow,
Fix and root here, till some relenting God
Has laid me in thy Grave.
Alt. My better self,
These Griefs are kind; but let 'em flow more mildly.
I feell no pains, but thro' my Princess Heart.

Enter King *and Guards.*

King. If you want pains
I'll find 'em for you; call to your remembrance
Your black Ingratitude to your kind King,
For all the numerous Honours I had given you,
That glorious Structure my vast hopes had rais'd
Thou hast at one blast blown up;
And the only Remnant of my Royal Blood
Thou hast made for ever wretched.
Art. Wretched! can my *Altomar's*
Dear Love make *Artemira* wretched? No,
Mistaken King, I've loved so well that know,
To die for *Altomar* has more of Heav'n in't,
Than Ages on the World's Imperial Throne.
King. Take hence the Slave.
Oh Love, thou unextinguishable Brand.

Of

Of Vengeance, take her from my Sight I beg it.
She from this Minute ne'er shall see him more.
Art. Stay merciless Villains, Savage Blood-hounds stay.
Alt. And art thou gone? [*Exit forced out.*
Snatcht from my panting Side?
Remorseless King, how can you be so cruel
To a poor dying Wretch at his last Gasp,
To tear that Beauty from my bleeding Arms?
Thro' all the Gratts my gaping Wounds can shew,
You never stab'd me till this killing Blow.
King. What Sounds are these? [*Trumpets heard.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. An Envoy from the Army. [*Enter Envoy.*
Env. Great Sir, I come from the Imperial Camp,
To tell you that the mutinous Souldiers, tir'd
With an Usurper's Yoak, demand a Successor
From the true Royal Line: And by their Threats
And Clamours to the General *Abdalla*,
Have forced him to discover that Prince *Altomar*,
A noble Youth residing in your Court,
But Stranger to his own great Quality,
Is the true Heir to the Empire of *Morocco*.
And in th' united Peoples Voice I come
To call him to a Throne.
King. How Sir! is *Altomar*,
The Royal Heir to th' Empire of *Morocco*?
Env. Yes Sir, the Blood of their last murder'd Monarch
Muly Labas runs in his Veins; his true Name
Muly-Mesude; but by a borrow'd Title,
Preserved an Infant in the Court of *Egypt*,
T' escape the mortal Rage of the old Bloody Empress.
King. What words are these?
Env. But all his Injuries
Are cancell'd in his Coronation day,
From his long Night, like a gay Bridal Sun,
He to his new wedded World sets out in Glory.
King. Oh never, never will that morning rise;
See there that Glorious Sun is set for ever.
Haste; take that Sacred Martyr from the Wreck:
Be quick ye Slaves. [*They cut him down, and*
lay him on a Couch.

Env. What have ye done ?
King. Yes Fates, what have I done ?
A deed for which the Furies want a Name:
Martyr'd a Monarch on a Gibbet !
Damnation shape me such a Deed in Hell.
In vengeance to a base Usurper's Blood,
Like an infatuated Savage *Indian*,
I've built an Altar to a worshipt Devil,
And sacrific'd a King t' a Rebell's Ghost.
Alt. And was I born an Empire's Heir for this ?
King. Oh *Altomar*, most sacred injured Lord,
What dismal Wrongs does Heaven ordain for thee ?
What Plagues, what Hell's for me ?
The only man of all Heaven's whole Creation,
That could have made me great, my Daughter blest,
Her Love immortal, and my Name eternal,
I have most barbourily massacred,
The noblest Blood that Royal veins e'er held,
I have let out to drown the sinking World.
Alt. Ah Sir, did you not name your beauteous Daughter !
For sure methought I felt new Life shoot thro' me.
King. Fly, bring that mourning Sweeness to his Arms ;
Tell her her Royal *Altomar's*, hard Fate,
And her repenting Father's killing Horrors.
Alt. There's something in that Breath so kind, so wondrous kind,
Had I more Lives to lose I could forgive 'em all.

Enter Artemira.

Art. Oh my dear dying Lord !
Alt. Oh name not dying :
For thou'rt my Bride, and this our Nuptial Day.
And now let Death and Ruine do their worst ;
One minute in my *Artemira's* Arms,
Has all the Raptures of Eternity.
Art. Yes, my Loved Lord in spite of Fate, this day's
At once our Nuptial and our Coronation.
And sure if Love can Crown us in the Stars,
We shall shine there the brightest Pair in Heav'n.
Alt. Oh Love, what is thy Power ?
Art. Now cruel Father,
Kill'd by my dear Lord's Wounds, I'll save you all
Th' Expence of Steel or Poyson for my Fall.

King.

King. No live, you best of Lovers, live for ever.
Oh that I could supply from my own Veins
That Blood I've robb'd from thine; from my torn Limbs,
With my own Flesh new cloath thy naked Bones.
Ye Gods, why are your Miracles all ceas'd?
No art in Heav'n to save his precious Life?

Alt. Sir, your untimely Kindness comes too late:
But to acknowledge these last Sparks of Pity,
You Sir, that come t' invite me to a Throne, [*To the Envoy.*
Bear back my dying Sighs to my kind Subjects:
Tell 'em I have a Brother call'd *Cialto*,
A Souldier in the *Persian* Sophy's Camp.
Let him be call'd to fill my empty Throne.
But let him know e'er the Imperial Diadem
Circles his radient Brow, that 'tis the last
Request of his expiring Brother, that
The Wrongs of *Altemar* be ne'er remember'd.
No Schriech-owl Fame dare croak my dying Wounds:
But let him cherish this dear Sacred Prince:
For he's the Father to my Royal Bride;
And his kind Hand has given me *Artemira.*

King. Bright Miracle! prodigious Goodness! Gods,
Must so much Worth, and so much Honour die?

Alt. Oh stop your violent Griefs, Alas, great Sir,
I am your Son, we're both your Children now,
And cannot bear our drooping Father's Woe.

Art. Oh cruel Sir, why are you kind too late?
Why was not I my dear Lord's Bride till now?
Why did not your poor *Artemira*
In these dear Arms, these circling Glories shine?
Could nothing but an Empire make him mine?
Oh the ill judging World!

King. Poor injur'd Girl!

Art. Has he more Love, more Charms, more Hearts to give me,
Because he's Heir t' a Crown. Ah no, he was
To me my King, my World my Heaven before,
And Crowns and Empires could not make him more.

Alt. Oh *Artemira*, take me on thy Breast,
My Royal Saint, what Heav'n of bliss
Should we possess if I had Life to love thee.
But oh a Cloud o'ercasts my Rising Sun:
Just when my Joys begin, my Life is done, [*Dies.*

Art.

Art. He's gon, he's gon, and do I ſtay behind?
King. Farewel dear martyr'd Saint;
That parting Sigh that breaks thy Heart ſtabs mine.
Art. Oh murder, Ruine, Horror and Deſpair!
That ghaſtly Scene of Blood!——Blood did I ſay!
Fye! theſe are Ruby Bracelets on his Arms,
Thoſe Scarlet Love-knots my kind Father tied,
To bind two dying bleeding Hearts together.
King. Poor injur'd Innocence, look up and live!
Art. Live cruel Father! love like me and live!
Not to be Empreſs of a thouſand Worlds,
A Love like mine. Oh Father, Love's a God-head——
Yes, a blind God, his lights all drown like mine.
And is he blind indeed! how came he blind?
Say, did he weep his Eyes out for my *Alcomar*?
Oh my ſick Soul!
King. Speak to thy wretched Father.
Art. Ha! is't my Love that calls me? See
His mounting Chariot haſtens me away.
I come my *Alcomar*, my Life I come. [*Stabs her ſelf.*
Oh ſee the Gods our Nuptials do prepare.
See *Alcomar*, ſee *Artemira* there
The Feaſting Gods with Bridal Chaplets crownd,
Whilſt to the Poles the jocund Orbs reſound,
And all the *Nectar* of their Heav'n goes round:
In thy chaſte Arms thy glittering Bride enfold:
Her Palace archt with Gemms, and Paved with Gold. [*Dies.*
King Was ever wretched Father damn'd as I am?
But I am ſafe, his dying Breath forgave me.
No, generous Prince, thy Mercy ſoar'd too high:
Thou mayeſt forgive thy Murder, but not I. [*Stabs himſelf.*
Mor. Why this raſh Deed?
King. No, 'tis a Noble Deed.
Should Guilt and ſhame ſurvive when Virtue bleeds?
I'm but the meaneſt Wretch this Storm has wrack'd.
That pair of faithful Lovers died before me
When Natures Wealth, all her rich Fraught ſinks down,
Surely the Lumber of the World may drown.
Morat, as e'er thou lov'ſt thy dying King,
See my Bones lodg'd in that wrong'd Prince's Grave;
But let me humbly his bleſt Relicks meet;
Lay my Head low beneath his Royal Feet.

Mor.

Mar. See here the dire Effects of unkind Parents;
Our whole World bleeds for their unhappy Loves.
How calm a Stream is Love when unoppos'd:
But stop'd, the impetuous Torrent does o'erturn
Whole sinking Kingdoms, and makes Empires mourn.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

Books Printed for *Tho. Chapman*, at the *Golden Key*, over-against the *Meuse*, near *Charing-Cross*.

Macbeth, a Tragedy.
Theodosius, a Tragedy.
Sophonisba, or *Hanibal's Overthrow*. These two by *Nat. Lee*.
Oedipus King of Thebes. By Mr. *Dryden* and Mr. *Lee*.
Abdelazer, or the *Moor's Revenge*. By Mrs. *Behn*.
Country Wake. By Mr. *Motteux*.
Ibrahim, or the *Illustrious Bassa*.
Pastor fido, or the *Faithful Shepherd*.
Heir of Morocco, or the *Death of Gayland*. These three by Mr. *Settle*.

EPI-

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Coysh*'s Girl, as a *Cupid*.

LAdies, *the Poet knew no better way*
Then to ſend me to prattle for his Play;
I am your Cupid, *and you cannot ſure*
Drive ſuch a ſmall young Beggar from your Door:
Do you be but as kind as you are fair,
And by my Quiver, Bow and Darts I ſwear,
The little Tiny God, whoſe help you want,
Shall hear your Prayers, and all your Wiſhes grant:
The Country Lady ſhall come up to Town,
And ſhine in her old Coach, and her new Gown;
The City Wife ſhall leave her poor Tom-Farthing,
And take a harmleſs walk to Covent-Garden:
Thoſe very Eyes ſhall ſtill look young and gay,
That Conquer'd on the Coronation-Day;
But you, the brighter Beauties of the Court,
You who the World undo, but Stage ſupport,
You ſhall ſubdue all Hearts, while I ſit ſtill;
I'll break my Bow, and leave your Eyes to kill;
Nay the Court-Star, your Beauties to advance,
Has left her Dazling Sphere to ſet in France,